

THEATER MANAOS.

Control the Trade of the Great Amazon Valley.

BOTH ARE INTERESTING

An Ocean Port a Thousand Miles From the Atlantic.

CUSTOMS OF THE PEOPLE

(Copyrighted, 1899, by Frank G. Carpenter.) Special Correspondence of The Evening Star. MANAOS, Brazil, April 20, 1809. WANT TO TELL



you about the two seems odd to think of great trade center. and it exports products which are strup of dollars a year.

upon it lies at its mouth. It is a thousand miles east of where which it is surrounded.

theater, two second-class hotels and numerous cafes.

The town has a very respectable club, this way.

And still some of the Brazilian stores.

There are establishthe members of which give dances twice the exception of a few coming from our tis, nearly every foreigner is in constant iread of the fever, and half the business I find this town of Manaos interesting.

for immediate use in case of a yellow fever attack.

But let me tell you how Para looks. As you see it from the river it is a low white city with red and other bright-colored buildings rising out of the white. A long row of palm trees lines the shore, and back of these are the great wood and corrugated iron warehouses from which the Para rubber is shipped to all parts of the world. You look at tris scene through a thicket of masts. The Amazon is here filled with shipping. There are big ocean steamers from miles from where it flows into the Amazon. masts. The Amazon is here filled with shipping. There are big ocean steamers from miles from where it flows into the Amazon. In coming up the Amazon as we approached the Rio Negro I could see where the fron lighters shaped much like the whale-back boats of the lakes. There are scores of queer sailing vessels and hundreds of dugout canoes, with dark-faced boatmen paddling them to and fro.

A Street Scene.

As you land you find yourself in one of the busiest of the South American ports. Negroes and mulattees are loading and unloading the steamers. They are carrying on board great boxes of rubber. They are toting on their heads boxes and bales to the shore. The crowd about the wharves is much the same as that on the docks of New Orleans. The people are of all shades of white, yellow and black. There are swarthy negroes from Jamaica, yellow-skinned men from upper Brazil, sallow Portuguese and a sprinkling of all the nations of Europe.

The laboring people are in their bare feet and most of them are bare-headed.

The men wear cotton shirts and trousers. the latter held up by waist bands. The women dress in bright-colored calicos. See that negro trotting along with a bale of sole leather on his head? Behind him is a woman carrying a great basket of mandloca in the same way, and further back comes a mulatto with an enormous turtle balanced upon his crown. That turtle is as big around as a wash tub. It kicks out its legs and agonizingly thrusts forth its head as it lies there upside down shading the

Here comes a cart, hauled by a pony. It looks as though it had a load of hams in it, and as it goes by the hams smell like a smoke house. Those are lumps of rubber on their way to the shipping houses for

There are scores of rubber houses near the wharves. Every one is handling tubber and the air smells as though there had been a recent fire and water had been dashed over it. Men are carrying rubber from the canoes to the warehouses. They are taking it in and out of the buildings. They are chopping it up and packing it into boxes and marking it for shipment to all parts of the world. Para is the greatest rubber port on earth, and the chief business of the city is the supplying rubber camps with goods and selling the product. and selling the product.

A Look at the Girls.

But let us take a street car and ride out through the residence section. Para is one of the cleanest and best built towns of Brazil. It has hundreds of houses, made of ventilated brick, covered with stucco and painted in all the colors of the rainoow. Some are frescoed and others are decorated with wreaths and figures in plaster. There are many houses faced with porcelain tiles. which have been brought here from Portugal. Some of the houses have balconies of wrought iron and many have wrought

fron work over their windows.

The houses all face the streets and are flush with the sidewalk. Each has two or more windows on the first floor looking ou on the street, and each window has one or more Brazilian girls folling on its sill looking out. The girls are bareheaded, with flowers in their hair. They are of all ages from six to sixty and many are sweet sixteen. They watch the street cars as they pass. If they see anyone they know, they crook their fingers at him as though becknoning him to come in. This is the method of salutation and means "How do you do." All the girls are brunettes and some to such an extent that you can see the negro blood in their faces. They are not, as a rule, goed looking, and so far the homeliest women I have found on this continent are ing out. The girls are bareheaded, with women I have found on this continent are

in the land of Brazil. The women here are not as far advanced as they are in Chile. They have no busi-ness chances in comparison with our wo-men. They do not clerk in the stores. They have not yet made their way into the telgraph offices, and the girl bookkeeper has yet to break into the business establish-ments. The beautiful typewriter has not yet appeared nor are there Brazilian pos office girls or telegraph girls. Wherever there are telephones women are employed at the central station, but outside of this about the only respectable thing a woman can do is to take a place in the public

school or become a governess. Marriage is considered the chief end of women, and so far the new woman is un-known in Brazil. Marriage is more a mat-

ter of love than is generally thought. The men make good husbands and fathers, the parents love their children and the children show great affection for their parents. A child always kisses the hands of its elderly relatives and men often kiss the hands of women as a mark of respect.

Some Features of Home Life. The average Brazilian woman does not spend much time on her dress before afterneon. She is in fact a little slouchy and likes to take things easy. She often wears a Mother Hubbard until noon or goes about in a dressing sack and a black skirt. She has a cup of coffee and a roll upon rising and does not eat again until the noon break-fast. She frequently appears at breakfast with her hair down, and after the siesta which follows she dresses up for her pose the window.

You may see women looking out of the Brazilian windows at all hours of the day. They have cushions made to fit the window sills upon which they rest their arms and they often have padded stools or benches upon which they kneel while look-ing out. The Brazilian women, I venture, spend more time on their knees than any other women in the world; but alas! It is not in prayer! I have met a number of the ladies dur-

ing my stay in Brazil and I have dis-covered one way to their hearts. This is chief cities of the through their mouths. Each of them has Amazon valley. It thirty teeth, more or less, and all of them sweet. Some of them would sell their the savage Amazon having cities at all; souls for American candy, and they all like choice confections. They are fond of rich desserts and one of their favorite dishbut it is really a es is a cake made of the yolk of eggs and flour. It is a kind of sponge cake of the lightest nature. It is eaten with melted ducts which are sirup like a sponge. Quince marmalade worth tens of millions is another favorite dish, and there is a of dollars a year.

The biggest city guava cheese, exceedingly sweet, which is eaten at almost every meal.

A Land of Peddlers.

Brazilian women seldom go out shopping, this letter is written. It is the city of Para. and in neither Para nor Manaos is there It now has a population of 100,000, and it is a store with a bargain counter. Many growing as fast as the dense vegetation by kinds of goods are sold by peddlers who carry packs on their backs, and go through Para already has electric lights, tele- the streets slapping their yard sticks tophones and street cars. It has a vast theater, two second-class hotels and nutom is changing slightly now, but until lately almost all dry goods were sold in

a week and to which the families of the better classes come. It has some fine ments at Para which carry quite as big residence streets, a number of beautiful stocks of goods as any store in a city of parks, and were it not for the fear of the similar size in the United States. The rellow fever, which always hangs over goods are brought here from Europe, with

dread of the fever, and half the business men carry bottles of castor oil about in their pockets and down a tumbierful at the slightest headache or intimation of indi-gestion. This is, I am told, the best rem-edy for immediate use in case of a yellow

> latter river joined it without lifting my eyes from the waters. The Rio Negro is as black as your hat. The Amazon is as yellow as pea soup. For about two miles below the mouth of the Rio Negro the wa-ters of the Rio Negro and the Amazon flow side by side without mixing. Our steamer for a time cut the joining of the waters so that on one side of the ship the stream was as yellow as a lion's mane, while on the other it had the panther black of the Rio Negro. A little below this the two colors disappeared, the waters of the Rio Negro having been swallowed up in the mighty flood of the Amazon.

The Metropolis of the Upper Amazon As we steamed on we passed out of the Amazon and into the wide mouth of the Rio Negro. We were now sailing through a jet black stream. Our steamer churned the water into foam and it looked like boiling black molasses. A sailor dropped a bucket over the side and caught up a gallon for me to examine. In the bucket it looked brown, but when I took it up in a glass it

seemed almost clear.

The Rio Negro is an immense stream. It is very wide at the mouth, and at first sight it seems almost as large as the Amazon itself. It drains a vast region and is so con-nected with the Orinoco by the Cassiquiare river that you can enter the Orinoco at its mouth and sail down through to the Rio Negro and the Amazon.

As it nears the Amazon the Rio Negro increases in size. A large part of its lower course is formed of a succession of lakes, some of which are from 20 to 30 miles wide. Its flow is not very rapid, and its ordinary depth is from 100 to 150 feet. It has numerous sand bars, which hinder navigation at very low water, but during the rainy sea-son it rises from 30 to 40 feet and floods a large part of its basin. At its mouth there are high bluffs lining the banks. These are spotted with cacao plantations, back of which is a dense forest. There are numer-ous palm trees, and among them, now and then, a thatched hut upon piles.

A little further up on the north bank upon a hill is the city of Manaos. The town slopes from the river covering the hills at the back. It looks like a large town from steamer. At first you see only a maze of white-colored one and two-story build-ings roofed with red brick tiles. As you come nearer the houses near the

wharves grow under your eyes until you realize that they are large business estab-lishments. You see numerous fine build-ings, and out of the mass notice a structure somewhat like the pension building at Washington, which is topped with a great dome, covered with porcelain tiles. That is the theater of Manaos. It will seat 2,000 people, and it is finer than many so-called good theaters of the United States. The theater is partially supported by the government, and troupes are brought here from Para and other Brazilian ports. It is not a one-night stand, for it takes 2,000 miles to get to and from it, so that the troupes usually stay a week or so. With us came an American circus, which is to get a big guarantee from the government for show-ing a month in Manaos.

An Ocean Port.

Maraos is an ocean port a thousand miles inland from the Atlantic. Suppose the big Atlantic liners could sail right across the United States to Chicago, and you have about the situation of Maraos in respect to the sea.

My steamer drew sixteen feet. It was an English ship, which had come from New York to Para, and thence to Manaos. It was of about 2,000 tons, and its time from New York to Manaos was about two weeks. I asked as to the fare, and was told that it was \$90 in gold.

was \$90 in gold.

There are steamers here from Lisbon, Liverpool and Hamburg. There are two lines of steamers from New York, and there are little steamers which go from here in seven days to Iquitos, Peru. Iquitos is about 1,300 miles west of here. It is a large trail station, but outside of this only respectable thing a woman to take a place in the public come a governess.

In the fourteenth century one-fourth of the population of Europe are computed to have died of the bubonic plague, introduced from the east. The first measures to check its spread were adopted by the city of Venical station, but outside of this only respectable thing a woman to take a place in the public come a governess.

Is considered the chief end of do so far the new woman is unstrail. Marriage is more a mather than the public state of the bubonic plague, introduced from the east. The first measures to check its spread were adopted by the city of Venical station, but outside of this about 1,300 miles west of here. It is a large town, and is a great port for rubber. The dians of the public health. In 1403 Venice established a lazaret, or contagious disease hespital, on a small island adjoining the city. This was the beginning of quarantine. The word itself means "forty," and implies forty days, the period of detention imposed on vessels at this first Venetian quarantine.

the Rio Negro, the Rio Branco and the Madelra, so that you can reach any part of the upper Amazon region from this point. A Lively Town.

Manaos has about 50,000 people. It has wide streets paved with cobble stones, many of which were brought up the river from Para. It has many houses faced with tiles imported from Europe, and it has several fine government structures, such as the treasury, the palace and the cathedral. I call the cathedral a government structure, for it is largely supported by the government. The bishop of the province of Amazonas presides over it and it is the central point for the religion of this part of the world. The government has a large income from its export duty on rubber, and

the pickings are probably great.

There are two hotels here. The one at which I am stopping is kept by a French woman, who charges exorbitant prices for poor food, but who has a fairly good cook. We have coffee and bread and butter for breakfast, a table d'hote lunch and a course dinner. Wine and mineral waters are very dear, costing at least 50 per cent more than they do in any other part of Brazil.

Manaos is lighted by electricity. I have electric lights in my room at the hotel, and I was surprised this afternoon to be called to the telephone to talk with a merchant in

the other part of the city.

Manaos is a very advanced town for South America. It has a telephone system with 225 subscribers, which gets a concession of \$4,000 a year from the government

for its service.

Its electric lighting plant is owned by an American syndicate, which is now also put-ting in an electric street car line. The equipment and all the electrical supplies are being brought from the United States, but

the coal so far is English, although American coal is beginning to come in. Manaos has daily newspapers. It has a museum, a college and schools. It has an orphan asylum and several other charitable institutions. I have been much interested in its stores. They keep all sorts of goods, and the stocks of some of them run into the hundreds of thousands of dollars. They ship from here to all parts of the upper Amazon and the rubber camps rely largely upon Manaos for their supplies. I am told that the merchants make big money, and that they will not look at anything that pays less than 25 per cent. The most of them are interested more or less in the rubber forests, and nearly all are to a great extent purchasers and shippers of rubber. FRANK G. CARPENTER.

MAGNIFICENT LAZINESS.

A New Orleans Tramp Who Holds the Record for Ease. From the New Orleans Times-Democrat

At about noon yesterday a fat and healthy looking but phenomenally tattered tramp sat furtively dozing on a bench in Lafayette square. The nearby tablet of the geodetic survey announced that he was in exactly latitude 20° 56' 59" and longitude 90° 4' 9" but the fact disturbed him not. Leaning back luxuriously, he appeared to be bursting from every seam of his dilapidated attire, and as he passed in and out of cat naps he nodded solemnly, like a porcelain mandarin. His legs were crossed, and his suspended foot was incased in a shoe from which most of the forward portion of the ole was missing, exposing his bare and dirty toes from below. It was held to his foot by a string tied around his instep; in fact, he was literally "on his uppers," a circumstance which evidently bothered him as little as the geodetic tablet. Presently, in one of his waking intervals, he espied a half-smoked cigar stump lying on the pave-ment about a yard from the bench. For a moment he surveyed it calmly, dispassionately, almost judicially. Then he executed a remarkable strategic movement. Without stirring the upper portion of his body, he slowly uncrossed his legs, lowered his foot stayed on the ground long enough to give the children an opportunity to enjoy them stirring the upper portion of his body, he get slowly uncrossed his legs, lowered his foot accurately and deliberately over the treash of his toes, reversed the motion, raised his foot, carrying with it the stump, crossed his legs, languidly stretched forth his hand and secured his prize. A gouty clubman, who had watched the proceeding from another bench, was out for a constitutional and who had watched the proceeding from another bench, as while the pack of orchard, which had looked so bleak and, cheerless a few weeks before, as well and this freedy was lost in admiration. "Why, the man is a wonder!" he exclaimed to a friend. "There is something magnificent, almost supernative to the covered with pink snow, and the mocking birds flew webs before at housand pities if he were disturbed for a match. I must offer him one!" The wated it to an art, to a—but hold, it would be a thousand pities if he were disturbed for a match. I must offer him one!" The match case from his pocket, extended it with a polite bow. The tramp manifested in source, and closed his eyes. "He is summired, and closed his eyes." He is sumply of clothing for little Billy Biscuit, transplant the clubman when he rejoined his friend; "he is a record breaker! He is mured, and closed his eyes. "He is superb!" said the clubman when he 'ejoined his friend; "he is a record breaker! He is the lazfest man in the world!"

CURIOUS TEXAS HOTEL.

It is Run by the So-Called Seven Sanctifled Sisters. From the Chicago Record.

They say that the best hotel in Texas is to be found at Belton, a town on the Santa Fe road, and it is kept by "seven sanctified sisters," as the proprietors are popularly called. Several years ago a woman in that place and her husband quarreled over the best way of expounding the Scriptures to a Sunday school class, and were so stubborn that they separated and were finally divorced. The family controversy was taken up by the town, which was soon distinctly divided between the adherents of the husband and the adherents of the wife. The result was a large crop of divorces. and seven husbandless women, including the original cause of the commotion, joined together and rented the town hotel. of them did the cooking, another was parlormaid, a third made up the bads, and so they divided the work among them and ran the establishment upon the co-operative plan. They would not employ a man about the place, although the most of their patrons were men, of course. People say that women travelers preferred to stop else where, and that would be a woman's way. One of the "seven sanctified sisters" used to drive a big carryall down to the railway station three or four times a day to meet the trains, but she let the regular transfer company handle the baggage.

The hotel prospered from the beginning.

and there was no reason why it should not, for everything was neat and homelike, and the cooking was the best in Texas, which is not saying much, perhaps, but is a good reason why it was appreciated. Every Sunday it was crowded. The drummers used to swarm there from all the northern-central part of the state, and every passenger on the Santa Fe trains was an advertising agent. The "sanctified sisters" made money, as they deserved to do; they enlarged their establishment and started big laundry in connection with it, where the drummers left their soiled clothes to be done up while they were out during the week. Then the "sisters" bought a hotel at Waco, and started a laundry there, with

So Exasperating.

From the Chicago Times-Herald. "By George!" said a Hyde Park man who was riding downtown in an early train yesterday, "I detest people who are so

blamed positive about everything." "It is a disagreeable habit." the passen ger who sat next to him admitted, "and it always pleases me to see such people con-fronted with proofs that they are in the

wrong."
"Yes, it does me, too. My wife's cousin "Yes, it does me, too. My wife's cousin has been visiting us for several days, and he's one of these know-it-all fellows. You can't tell him anything. Yesterday morning has was reading about this Dreyfus trial and I gave him a pointer on how to pronounce a French word that was used. But do you suppose he was willing to admit that I knew more about it than he did?"
"I suppose not."

"I suppose not."
"No; he sat right there, right at my own table, and argued with me for twenty minutes, trying to show that I didn't know what I was talking about. Such people make me weary."

"Why don't you get a French dictionary and prove to him that he was wrong?"

"Oh, I looked it up yesterday and found that I was mistaken myself, but what makes me mad is the fact that he was so blamed positive about it."

"公司" "一个 ന്ത്ര

PART XI.

CAWKY, THE CROW. After the fox hunt, Buster John felt that he had recovered some lost ground, as the saying is. Up to that time he had been scmewhat handicapped by the experiences of Sweetest Susan. You will remember that it was Sweetest Susan who discovered the Grandmother of the Dolls. This was a very important discovery, too, for it led to the acquaintance of little Mr. Thimblefinger, and to the queer adventures of the children in the country next door to the world. More than that, Sweetest Susan had been-kidnaped by the crazy man. It was natural, therefore, that Buster John should feel "put out," as he expressed it, by these events. But his talk with Mr. Bobs had led to the manufacture of the wonderful bubble, and now he had witnessed a real fox hunt, perhaps the most interesting one that ever occurred in all that

part of the country.

He didn't put on any airs about it, as some boys would have done, but he took pains to relate every event to his sister and Drusilla, just as it occurred, as far as he could remember it; and he patiently answered every question they asked him. For swered every question they asked him. For a long time the story of the fox hunt was the only piece of oral literature the children had to discuss, but there was always something new to be said of Hodo, or the sorrel horse, or Joe Maxwell.

Sweetest Susan hardly knew whether to feel sorry for Old Scar-Face or not. Somefeel sorry for Old Scar-Face or not. Some-times she was inclined to regret his taking off, but when she remembered the scream of the poor little rabbit she was willing to believe that the old fox had received his

As for Drusilia, she had not a spark of sympathy for Old Scar-Face. "I'm glad dey cotch 'im," she said. "De dogs done 'im des like he done de yuther creeturs. An' 'pon top er dat, he sot up dar an' grin an' brag 'bout how he gwine ter outdo um. an' brag 'bout how he gwine ter outdo um. I hear ol' folks say dat dem what do de mos' braggin' is de mos' no 'count. I'm glad dey got 'im. He had plenty time ter go 'way; he des hung 'roun' here kase he b'lieve dey ain't no dog kin outdo 'im."

This sort of talk ied, of course, to Joe Maxwell and Hodo, and before Buster John knew it he would be describing the famous chase over again. For a long time this was interesting, but after awhile the small auinteresting, but after awhile the small au-dience grew tired of hearing it, and Buster John grew tired of telling it.

Christmas and New Year's came and went, and were followed by weather so went, and were followed by weather so cold and stormy that the youngsters had to stay in the house, and Johnny Bapter had as much as he could do to keep the big hickory logs piled high enough in the wide fireplace. A fire big enough, it seemed, to roast an ox would hardly keep the dining room or the sitting room warm. It rained and sleeted and then snowed, and the snow slaved on the graind long enough to give stayed on the ground long enough to give the children an opportunity to enjoy them-



Something Quaint About Him. the waif who had been left with Miss Ely Bobs, "to be called for," as the saying Naturally enough, the children were keen to go; Sweetest Susan, because she wanted to play with Billy Biscuit, who, she said, was the cutest thing in the world, and said, was the cutest thing in the world, and Buster John, because he wanted to have another talk with Mr. Bobs. He had an idea that Mr. Bobs could tell him something new or show him something queer every day in the week, and Saturday, too. Buster John was still loyal to Aaron. More than that, Mr. Bobs was so different from the country for the second from the son of Ben All in all respects that there was no danger that admiration for one would clash with admiration for the other. Aaron was Aaron, and there was nobody like him but himself. Likewise Mr. Bobs was Mr. Bobs, quaint and original.

Bobs was Mr. Bobs, quaint and original.

As both the children had a motive for going, they besieged their mother singly and collectively until, finally, she was obliged to urrender and give her consent. If she had known about the wonderful bubble it is probable she would have refused; but since their experience with Mr. Thimble-finger the children had grown somewhat reticent about their adventures. They had dropped hintst here laind there about what they had seen but they were laughed as a they had seen but they were laughed at as crude and clumsy threations of wild and impossible fiction.

One day Buster John, walking with his One day Buster John, walking with his mother through the lot, burst out laughing at something the Muscovy drake said to the big white gander. He laughed so long that his mother concluded that he had hysterics and carried him back to the house, and proceeded to dose him with hot and bitter drinks. He made matters worse by telling her whaf the drake had said to the gander, for she was then sure he was "flighty" in the head, and so he had to me 'flighty" in the head, and so he

"flighty" in the head, and so he had to go to bed, though the sun was shining a warm invitation. He never made a similar mistake, ror did Sweetest Susan, after this terrible warning.

Drusilla finally consented to make one of the party, but she was particular to lay down the conditions under which she would give the youngsters the pleasure of her company. She held up her left hand with the fingers wide apart, and as she named the conditions she would register them by the conditions she would register them by pulling the fingers together with her right hand. You all say you want me ter go dar whar

You all say you want me ter go dar whar dat ol' man live at? I tell you right now I ain't achin' ter go dar, kase I don't like de way he look out'n de eye; he chug full er rank venom. But ef I does go, I ain't gwine ter follow atter you in no foolishness. I ain't gwine in no bubble"—here she pulled the little finger of her left hand—"I ain't gwine in no Fimblethinger doin's"—the third finger was pulled down—"an' I ain't gwine nowhere ner do nothin' dat folks don't do when dey got der seven senses"—here the middle finger was pulled down to join the other two.

These were the terms of the contract to

der you all fum gwine whar you choosen ter go. Ef you wanter git in bubbles an' git flew'd away wid, go an' git in um. Ef you wanter jump in springs an' pon's an' dream youer somer's else, go ahead an' do it. But don't ax me ter do it; kaze ef you does you'll have a great tale to tell Miss Rachel. an' she'll gi' mammy de wink, an' mammy'll gl' me a frailin'. Well, I'll take de frailin'; I'd ruther be beat ter death on top er de groun' dan ter git flew'd off wid in a bubble, er drowned in dat ar Fimblethinger country."

The children faithfully promised that, no matter what happened or what they did,

which Buster John and Sweetest Susan the nest, for one day I found him stretched were compelled to give their assent before Drusilla would consent to go.

"All dat," explained Drusilla, "don't hencomes back, an' he's tamer than airy chicken on the place. He pays for his keep, too, for he's our crow trap. I'll tell you about it before you go."

"Kuk-akity; how quick she talks! What did she say?"

did she say? "That you are her crow trap," said Sweet-

est Susan.
"Ak-trap, trap-ak!" chuckled Cawky.



Joel Chandler Harris

FIXING THE CROW TRAP.

they wouldn't ask Drusilla to join them. and they wouldn't complain about her to their mother. This seemed to lift a heavy lit's been our trade to pull up corn.' Cackload from Drusilla's mind. She breathed freely and became even cheerful.

There was something very quaint about freely and became even cheerful.

The journey to Mr. Bobs' house was in

The journey to Mr. Bobs' house was in all respect a repetition of the former one—Johnny Bapter driving the two-seated spring wagon and singing blithely, and, when they arrived at their destination, Miss Elviry was standing at the door with a smile of welcome. Little Billy Biscuit had grown considerably. He had larger ideas, too. He was no longer a calf in a pen, but a saddle horse, tied to the fence, a chair turned on its side answering all the purposes of a fence in this case. The britise of the former one—two was in the children were so much amused that they laughed till the tears came in their eyes—that is, they all laughed except Drustila, who firmly believed that the crow was a bird of evil.

Once Cawky, as he waked back and form, chuckling, laughing and apparently trying to "show off" before strangers. He did it all so solemnly that it became comical, and they laughed till the tears came in their system.

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Once Cawky as he waked back and form, chuckling, laughing and apparently trying to "show off" before strangers. He did it all so solemnly that it became comical, and they laughed till the tears came in their system.

trouble as a grown person. Why, when you want him to be still all you've got to do is to tie him with some sewin' thread an' say he's a hoss. A hoss he'll be tell you come an' onloose him!"

The children entered at once into the

spirit of the affair. At a word Sweetest Susan and Buster John became horses, and Drusilla was a mule. The change was effected as suddenly as the genil in the Arablan Nights could have accomplished it. No waving of wands nor incantation was necessary.

This drama of the horses was all very well for a little while; but the older chil-dren, being used to more variety, soon grew tired of it, and it was not long before they succeeded in coaxing Little Billy Biscutt out of doors. Just as they went into the yard Miss Elviry suddenly remembered that she had forgotten to feed the hen with the young chickens that had just been "taken off;" so she mixed some cornmeal

and water in a tin pan, and began to call the hens. The call was answered from overhead in the can was answered from overnead in the most unexpected manner. A crow, cawing and croaking, began to circle around Miss Elviry's head, and presently lit in the pan of dough. "Oh, get away from here!" Miss Elviry

cried impatiently; "you're allers sticking yourself where you ain't wanted." She pushed the crow from the pan, but he flew back with many croaks, and not until Miss Elviry had given him a good share of dough did he cease his flutterings. She dropped a wad of the food on the ground, and this the crow proceeded to devour, talking to himself all the while. Miss Elviry went to another part of the yard, hunting for the young chickens, but the children stood still and watched the crow.

"Ain't I done tol' you dey wuz cunjer-people?" whispered Drusilla. "Why, you

can't git in a mile er no crow less'n you been rubbin' agin deze folks. Now min' what I tell you; dis crow sho is satan; you may follow atter 'im ef you wanter, but I ain't gwinter budge out'n my tracks!" Little Billy Biscuit, however, was on very good terms with the crow. He sat on the ground by the bird, and with a small twig

touched him occasionally on the legs. crow saw the movement every time; but invariably he would raise the leg that had een touched, stretch out the toes on the



He Pursued the Cat About.

foot and examine them carefully, uttering croaky grumble all the time. The solemn way in which he went abou The solemn way in which he went about this was very amusing to the children. Buster John laughed so loudly that the crow stopped and looked at him sidewise, speaking for the first time so the children could understand him.

"Cackity! What's all the fuss about?"

Then he went on eating the dough.
"What is your rame?" asked Buster John.
"Cawky-ikey-uk-ek-ik-ak!" Cawky, where did you com-

"Anywhere around here, ik-ek."
Miss Elviry came up at this moment, and, without knowing it, interrupted the conversation. "One year the crows built in that pine thicket done yan'. He must 'a' fell from another old crow, 'What makes people do

Cawky, as he walked back and forth, chuckling, laughing and apparently trying

tried to twist it off. "You better not let dat creetur fool wid you!" Drusilla exclaimed. "I tell you he de

you: Drusilla exclaimed. "I tell you he de ol' scratch; he'll grab you an' fly away wid you. You mark what I tell you!"
"Ek-ek-ek!" laughed Cawky, whose attention was attracted to Drusilla. "You have crows in your family! Cackity! I'd like to catch that one in my trap."
"Hub! Ef you your appropriate deciding the state of the sta

"Huh! Ef you wuz a crow, an' not de ol' boy hisse'f, I'd wring yo' neck," said Drusilla. "Ek-nack! neck-ek!" chuckled Cawky, as he promenaded about, picking up flakes of mica or glistening pebbles or broken pleces of crockery.

At this point Miss Elviry returned and explained that in the spring, when the young corn was just sprouting and showing a tiny green blade above the soil, the



Bore Her Slowly to Earth.

leave one of their number watching in the top of one of the tail pines, and the rest would fly down into the cornfield and pull up the young corn row by row to get at the grains still clinging to the tender roots. No one could approach near enough to shoot them, for the sentinel in the pine top would sound the alarm the moment a human being appeared in sight and moment as the sentinel in the pine top would sound the alarm the moment as the sentinel in the pine top would sound the alarm the moment as the sentinel in the pine top would so the sentinel in the pine human being appeared in sight, and away all the crows would fly, to return promptly when the way was clear.

One day, however, Miss Elviry heard a

great clamor of crows in the cornfield, such a hubbub, indeed, that it attracted her attention. She went into the field and there she saw the crows fluttering and flying about like mad. At first she thought they

about like mad. At first she thought they had attacked an owl or a hawk, but as she went nearer they all flew away but two. One of these was making tremendous effords to fly, but the other, lying on his back, was holding him.

"What in the world," says I to myself," remarked Miss Elviry. "I went to where they was at, and there saw Cawky holding the other crow by the feet. The toes of the two was so tangled that 'twas as much as I could do to ontangle 'em. That put the two was so tangled that 'twas as much as I could do to ontangle 'em. That put the idea in my head that maybe Cawky would make a good crow trap. So Brother fixed up a couple of straps wi' pegs at the ends, an' we took Cawky out in the field, laid him on his back in a corn row, put the straps acrost his body and pushed the pegs in the ground to hold him. Of all the squallin' an' jabbering you've ever heard! Cawky made more fuss in one minnit than a flock of crows make in a week. The Cawky made more fuss in one minnit than a flock of crows make in a week. The crows fairly swarmed down on him in little or no time, an' I run back for fear they'd kill him; but he wan't hurt, an' he had another crow! Along at first Cawky didn't like it, but he's got so now that when he hears crows about he'll come a-flyin' and a-runnin' an' make the biggest kind of a fuss tell we git out his harness—we call it his harness—an' fasten him down in the a fuss tell we git out his harness—we call it his harness—an' fasten him down in the

a fuss tell we git out his harness—we call it his harness—an' fasten him down in the field. I reckon they've got some sign of distress like the Free Masons, for just as soon as he starts up his hollerin' all the crows in the settlement 'll come flyin' an' try to git him loose."

Again Miss Elviry went to attend to her household duties, leaving the children with Cawky, who, while she was talking, had been trying to pull the brass buttons from Buster John's jacket. He succeeded in getting one, and with this in his beak he ran around and around with his wings half spread, and uttering loud cries of triumph. Then he ran under the house and hid it. He found the old house cat under there watching a mousehole, and he ran her out and pursued her about until Miss Elviry had to take the broom to him.

It was great fun for the children, and Cawky seemed to enjoy it, too. But he subsided when Miss Elviry brought out the broom, and went stalking back to the children, and

dren as solemnly as an old-time preacher,
"Why do you like to catch your cousins?" asked Buster John.

Sunday school voice.

ek-ek!"

"Well, I only hope so," returned Hen-peck, with unusual spirit. "I wouldn't want any boy of mine to be so unfortunate as to regard it as a joke."

"Cackity! Because-ek they are my cou-sins, ek-ek!"
"Maybe you've already caught some of your brothers and sisters," said Sweetest Susan, using what Buster John called her

"Ek! I hope so! I want-ek to catch my

daddy and my manmy. Cackity! Didn't they push me from the nest and leave me on the ground in the rain and cold? Ek! I remember! And when I went back among

them didn't they drive me away? Cackity! They said I smelt like man. I've paid them well, and I'll pay them better. Ek-

In the distance Buster John saw a chick-

en hawk circling around. "Get under the house, Cawky; yonder comes a hawk."
"Ek-cackity! A hawk!" He rose in the air and flew to the top of a neighboring pine and sat there swinging. The hawk came nearer and nearer, circling on mo-tionless pirions, a picture of wild beauty. Suddenly Cawky rose in the air, and be-

gan to circle, too.

"Kerray-kerree!" This was the war cry
of Cawky's brethren. Twice or thrice repeated at intervals, it meant a hawk. Repeated a dozen times with no interval, it neant that an owl had been discovered

asleep in the woods.

The hawk made a lusty effort to escape and would have succeeded if Cawky had been without allies, but in every direction crows were seen rising in the air-some ahead of the hawk, some behind her and some on each side. Rising and circling, she suddenly swooped and struck at Cawky, but missed him by a hair's breadth, as she came down with a rush and a swish. It was a fierce but foolish move. Before the hawk could recover herself the whole colony of crows was upon her, and they began a battle royal, which could have but

The hawk was herce and desperate, her talons were sharp and her beak was strong. The crows had no talons, but their beaks were numerous. More than one was compelled to fly heavily away as the result of a moment's contact with the hawk, but finally the boldest among them found a place on the hawk's back, out of reach of beak and talons, and bore her slowly to earth, where, in the course of a few mo-rcents, she was killed outright.

The children ran forward as hard as they could when they saw the hawk falling, but she was dead when they reached the scene and Cawky was strutting around her, chuckling and talking to himself, ready to

strike her with his strong beak if she showed any sign of life. There was nothing to do but to carry the hawk to the house as a trophy, and show her to Miss Elviry, who expressed great satisfaction, and gave it as her firm and unalterable opinion that it was the very same hawk that had been snatching her young chickens right from under her nese for two seasons past. No doubt Miss Elviry was right, for the hawk was very

arge and fat.

By that time Johnny Bapter had returned from his errand to Harmony Grove. He called the children and they clambered into the wagon, and by dinner time they were safe at home (END PART XL)

RARE VOLUMES.

Books Worth Their Weight in Gold and Much More.

From the St. Louis Star. The first printing press was brought into England by a merchant named Caxton, who forsook his trade to enjoy the favor of the Duchess of Burgundy, sister of Edward IV of England, and in 1476 imported from Germany a printing outfit, which he established in a building adjoining Westminster Abbey especially for the purpose of publishing his

translation of the history of Troy (Recueil des Histories de Troyes). It was the first

English book ever printed, and in 1885 a copy was sold by the Earl of Jersey to Bernard Quaritch, in London, for \$9,100. The next book printed in England was The Game and Playe of the Chesse. Copies have been sold as high as \$1,300. The first English book both written and printed in

English book both written and printed in England (1489) was Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers, of which only four copies are known. One of them was sold last year by the Earl of Ashburnham for \$7,000. The first book printed in America was Doctrina Christiana, by Juan Cromberger, in the City of Mexico, in 1559. So far as known, there is not a copy in existence. The second was Doctrina Breve, by Juan Zumarraga, the first bishop of Mexico. It

crows did a good deal of damage. They'd Stephen Daye, who established the first printing press in this country. The second publication was a slip containing a poem entitled The Freeman's Oath. The next book was a metrical version of the Psalms, called the Bay Psalm Book, in 1640. Cop-

les are very rare. It is one of the most valuable books in the world. The first edition of The Canterbury Tales, printed by Caxton, of which only two copes are known, has sold for \$5,000, \$5,100

and \$9,400.
The first edition of Robinson Crusoe (1719) Sells for \$225. The first editions of Izaak Walton's Compleat Angler (1653) have sold for \$2,075. The first edition of The Vicar of Wakefield, printed in 1766, sold for \$300; the first edition of Paradise Lost for \$450; the first edition of Milton's complete works, containing a presentation inscription of a

containing a presentation inscription on a fly leaf in his handwriting, \$1,150. The highest price paid for a book last year was \$10,500, by Pickering & Chatto of year was \$10,500, by Pickering & Chatto of London for Raoul Le Fevre's A Boke of the Hool Lyf of Jason, printed by Caxton in 1490 in black letter. It is one of the earliest books in the English language, and formerly belonged to Bishop Heber. Some blographical details on the fly leaves in his handwriting greatly increase its value. A copy of Capt. John Smith's True Relation, printed in 1608, sold for \$1,425.

The highest price paid for an American

printed in 1608, sold for \$1.425.

The highest price paid for an American book last year was \$1,000, for a copy of the Rev. Mr. Cushman's sermon on the Daner of Self-Love, which was preached at Boston shortly after the settlement of that place. It is the only copy known of the first sermon ever printed in America, and belonged to the collection of the late Chas. Deane, from which it was purchased by the Massachusetts Historical Society.

The highest price paid for an autograph

The highest price paid for an autograph last year was \$1,030, for a letter from William Bradford to Governor Winthrop, concerning the affairs of the Plymouth colony a few months after the landing of the Pil-

True Womanhood. From the Criterion.

Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt, fr., has

startled Newport by going to market each morning and making a personal selection of fruits, meats and fish for her table. She has also introduced the innovation of paying cash for her purchases, something unheard of among the Newport cottagers. whose habit of having things charged and bills sent monthly is a boon to the dealers at the Rhode Island colony, as elsewhere. Every housekeeper knows that while the latter plan saves time and trouble, it puts many dollars into the pockets of the market men. Mrs. Willie K., jr., has shown her good sense and good training in this, as in many other respects since her marriage. The idea that a careful espionage of servants and household affairs is beneath the dignity of a woman of position and fashion is an entirely erroneous one, bred among the most undesirable social circles. Many women of fashion make a boast that they have rid themselves of their house-hold cares, servants, etc., by employing a housekeeper for the purpose as they em-ploy nurses and governesses for the care of their children, but women who preside over the happiest homes are those who give their attention to the small details of the household menage and the nursery. Two notable examples are Mrs. Grover Cleveland and Mrs. George Gould, both of whom have presided over their homes and their children, not as figure heads, but actually guiding and overlooking the care of their babies and the workings of the domestic program from day to day. These women's lives seem to be filled with the gentler duties and joys of existence, to the exclusion of every possibility for remark and gossip. And there are numerous women in fashlonable life, as well as in circles less important socially, who take

pleasure in the idea that the role of chate-laine is still a crown of graceful dignity more desirable than gems of great price. No Joke.

From Tit-Bits "My dear," said Mrs. Henpeck, "I'm positive that our George is thinking seriously of matrimony."